

Puck

"The Patriotic Paper"

Patria's Progress, No. 2

Patria's doffed her frocks Parisian
(Fripperies as light as air)

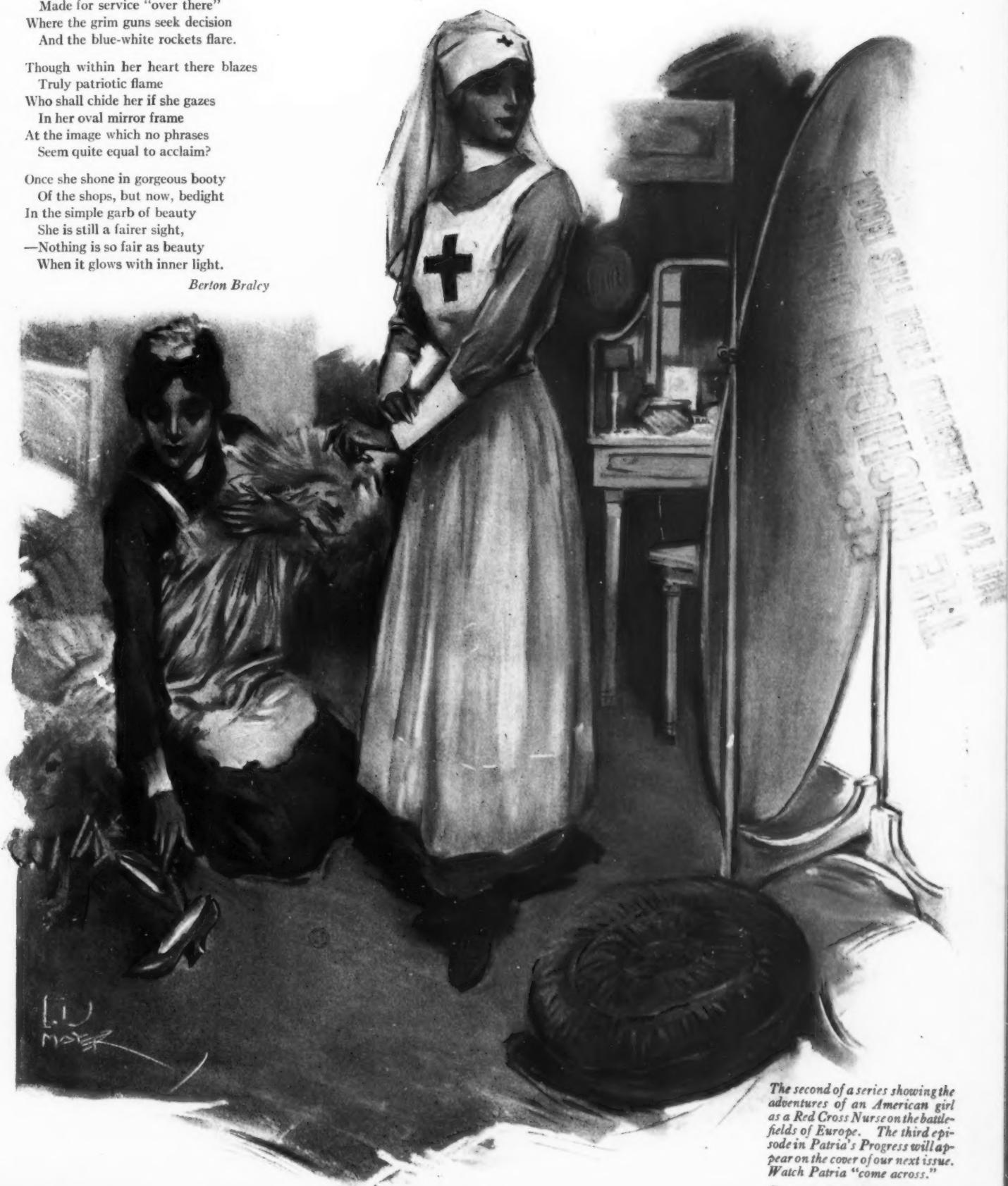
For the garments of her vision
Made for service "over there"
Where the grim guns seek decision
And the blue-white rockets flare.

Though within her heart there blazes
Truly patriotic flame
Who shall chide her if she gazes
In her oval mirror frame
At the image which no phrases
Seem quite equal to acclaim?

Once she shone in gorgeous booty
Of the shops, but now, bedight
In the simple garb of beauty
She is still a fairer sight,
—Nothing is so fair as beauty
When it glows with inner light.

Berton Braley

July 20, 1917
Price 10 Cents



The second of a series showing the adventures of an American girl as a Red Cross Nurse on the battle-fields of Europe. The third episode in Patria's Progress will appear on the cover of our next issue. Watch Patria "come across."

Drawn by Lou Mayer.

Promoting National Efficiency

No longer is it a question—are we a nation?

America has answered the President's war message with a flood of enthusiasm. Congress has answered his appeal for money and men with a unanimous vote on the "Liberty" bond issue and a vote almost unanimous on the National Military Service Law. Business and professional men, labor leaders and technical experts have answered with offers of their time and energy.

We are a nation—*now*, unified by a common danger, a common purpose.

Why are we not always a nation?

Why are we not as much concerned in the defeat of governmental inefficiency and corruption in time of peace as we are now concerned in the defeat of the submarine?

Collier's "Comment on Congress" page was founded some years ago on the conviction that our national Government should be the active interest of every citizen if America is to realize her democratic ideals.

Collier's "Comment on Congress," fighting for this idea, has become a national institution. Thousands have learned to look to it for the real facts regarding affairs at Washington.

What is the nature of this or that legislation? Who voted for or against this or that measure? It is a Congressman's vote on several measures that really gauges him. Who is

responsible for "pork"? Congressmen or the folks back home? Why have all programs for a general governmental economy started brightly and faded away sadly?

For years "Comment on Congress" has been answering such questions.

Sending free—to all who ask—copies of speeches and bills; roll calls; names of committee men who are stalling important measures, this department of Collier's has spread the tools for individual action far and wide.

Constantly this department urges its readers to bring their influence to bear on their representatives, so that our national legislation shall reflect our best ideals.

Collier's feels—from the inquiries which pour into its Washington office and from the testimony of readers and the press—that it has been aiding in the formation of a body of citizens, keenly concerned in the national Government, who have made themselves felt in every community at this crisis.

And Collier's, striving with all its power to stimulate national efficiency, will not cease to probe into those defects in our government machinery that hinder us from fully playing our part in the grim struggle oversea.

This is another way in which Collier's is earning the right to its title "The National Weekly."

This advertisement is the third of a series on the relation of Collier's to the nation

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Puck

"The Patriotic Paper"

Vol. LXXXI No. 2103.

July 20, 1917

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How To Tell The Soldiers' Uniforms

AUTHOR'S note: So many people are experiencing difficulty in identifying the various grades of military and naval men, that I have prepared this little Handy Guide on the subject, to enable civilians to place any uniformed personage in as short a time as the twinkling of an eye or the blowing of a nose.

Since this Guide is the first of its kind, the only models I could find to go by were works in other fields that had proved successful, such as Bumpus's "Identification Marks on Old Garters," Ruzzles's "Handy Snakewriter," and Whimpton's "How to Tell the Wild Flowers and What to Tell Them." In book form this Guide will be of such a convenient size that it may be carried in the trouser cuff or behind the ear. Anyone who follows it faithfully will soon find himself a long way from where he started.

IN studying any personage in uniform, direct your attention first to his hat cord. If the antennae are of knotted gold bronze he is an officer; if of less august fibre he is an enlisted man. If, with the object of confusing the enemy, he wears instead of the customary felt hat a mustard cap with vizor and no knobs, you must look for chocolate birthmarks on his neck and shoulders.

Non-commissioned officers are to be distinguished from privates by their vaccination marks. If a private is vac-

cinated on the upper left arm and the antitoxin "takes," they make him a corporal. When the next epidemic breaks out, they vaccinate him again, making him a sergeant. After a man has been vaccinated three times he is called a first sergeant and is considered immune; so they stop vaccinating him. (If by chance all this happened at sea, they would christen him a petty officer. But then his vaccination would stay red, white or blue.)

the enemy, not knowing the fine points of our language, will get them mixed up with the oak sprigs which are embroidered on the shoulders of colonels.) Each is in the form of a cryptic cross: on members of the infantry, crossed rifles; of the artillery, crossed fire; of the cavalry, crossed horses; of the medical corps, crossed shin bones; of the commissariat department, crossed forks; of the engineers, crossed purposes; of the signal corps, crossed wires; of the military observers, crossed eyes; of the conscientious objectors, crossed fingers.

And now that you know the uniform of every rank and branch, you will be interested to learn that all are subject to change without notice. For these are merely service uniforms. They are useful in their way, but too easy for spies to memorize. So, just as a well organized foreign office always employs several codes, the Army resorts to other uniforms besides its ripe-olive regalia. Accordingly there are dress uniforms and, for exceptionally warm weather and the privacy of the cantonment, undress.

Knowledge of dress uniform—I would rather not go into details concerning undress—is the real test of the connoisseur. Thus:

Grand Marshall: wide magenta shako, fringed with gilt scallions; chevron of same, descending below knees. Appointments: full dress, three stars and loose tobacco leaf; undress, aluminum fig leaf.—Lawton Mackall.



"Hey, stop that whistling. Do you want to wake up the Major?"

Now that you have mastered the subject of rank and are able to tell a landmark from a watermark, you are ready to take up the study of branch badges. These little hieroglyphics are found on collars, where a civilian would expect to discover only laundry marks. (They are called branch badges so that



If the price of meat keeps going up

A Destructive Agency

CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSE BOARD,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I have recently learned that the United States is hunting for an agency that will destroy German submarines. As a patriotic mother, I wish to offer the services of my little Charles, who will be four years old next August. Charles can destroy anything in an incredibly short time. We don't dare to leave Charles alone in the house, for fear that he will destroy the whole building. He has never had a submarine to practise on; but I feel confident that as soon as he saw one, he would instinctively know how to destroy it. I shall be glad to loan Charles to you for a few days, so that you can study his methods. He destroyed the cook-stove in fifteen minutes last Friday, demolished the phonograph before breakfast on Saturday, and totally wrecked the piano in about seven minutes yesterday. He is a silent worker, but exceedingly thorough. I am sure that he is just what you need to ruin the submarines with neatness and despatch.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) A. Mater.

Homeburg, Mo.

The Trouble

FRIEND: Why did you bring back that regiment of boxers that you took abroad? Weren't they brave enough to fight?

CAPTAIN: They were brave enough all right, but they wanted to name their own referee, have the Germans put up a side bet of \$10,000,000 and stage the fight in New York or Milwaukee.

Disappointed

VISITOR: Did you know that your son who left home last month has become an officer?

MRS. CASEY: So oi heard.

VISITOR: It is fine to have a General in the family, isn't it?

MRS. CASEY: Shure, is thot all he is? Oi thought all along 'twas a cop he was.

Truthful

RECRUIT (nervously): Shall I mark time with my feet, sir?"

LIEUTENANT (sarcastically): My dear fellow, did you ever hear of marking time with the hands?

RECRUIT: Yes, sir; clocks do it.

Uncle Sam on the March

HEY! Johnnie Bull, and Jean Crapaud, Make room in the battle line! For Uncle Sam is marching—O To the fray on the German Rhine! A wee bit late—as you may remark— But his sleeves rolled up to smite. And you'll know as you go, That Sammy, though slow, Is only too proud to fight!

Proud to fight with fellows like you, For a justice wide as the sky, And shoulder to shoulder to win the day With the banner of faith held high. He sat on the brink for a good long think And pondered his purpose the while. But he's into the scrap With America's map, There's blood in the grim of his smile.

Hey! Johnnie Bull, and Jean Crapaud— Crowd close in the battle line! For Uncle Sam is marching—O To the fray on the German Rhine. And it isn't for lucre—it isn't for land, But for Liberty, Justice and Right. And you'll know as you go That Sammy, though slow, Is only too proud to fight!

—C. Hilton-Turvey.

WILLIS: Germany and Austria have put 4,000,000 men on their fronts.

GILLIS: And we've got to put them on their backs.



Proud Rookie: Our captain paid me a fine compliment yesterday. Said I didn't know what fear was.

Grouchy Father: I ain't surprised. Ye never did know much of anything.



"Shoot again, Bill, I don't think 'e 'eard you."

Popular

"The Government is building a new revenue cutter."
"What are they going to name it?"
"Prohibition."

Relief

"I thought you were against conscription."

"But I've learned they'll send movie actors to the front also."

Bay Window

"I hear the German front has caved in."

"That's due to the shortage of beer and sauerkraut."

His Affront

"Such an ardent pacifist! And now he wants to fight?"

"Yes; a German submarine sank a mail boat that was carrying one of his letters."

They're All Like That

DASHER: Do you think Jerome really lives up to those pacifist sentiments of his?

FANNING: Judge for yourself: after he made that saccharine pacifist talk last night he went home and pounded his ear for eight hours, got up and tore off ten miles in his car, returned to demolish a huge breakfast, whipped a stream for trout until noon, when he rushed home and speared a few hasty mouthfuls, killed a rumor regarding his attitude and beat his wife at golf.

Some Machine

OFFICER: This gun shoots five hundred times a minute.
RASTUS: Lan' sakes, a man could do some mighty fast crapshootin' wif dat instrument, couldn't he?

Everyone's Choice

WILLIS: What are you going to do in this war?
GILLIS: What do you mean?
WILLIS: Go to the front and entrench or stay home and re-trench?

Useless Examination

RECRUITING OFFICER (*testing eye-sight*): Take this newspaper and read it.

RECRUIT: What for? You don't suppose I'm going to have time in a battle to sit down and read the editorials, do you?

Same Here

JITNEY: In Germany you get food with cards.
WITNEY: I know several poker-players in our town who have been doing the same thing for years.

Correct

FANNIE: Do you think Germany has shown superiority in the air?

DANNY: Hot air, yes.

Behind in Her Work

JANE: Is Kitty going to do any sewing for our soldiers?
MARIE: After a while. She is still working on the sock that she began knitting for the Belgians two years ago.

Qualified

THE ONE: I see the Government is to publish a newspaper. Where will they get their jokes?

THE OTHER: What's the matter with some of the Congressmen?



"What's this, Henry, going in for dogs?"

"No, just doing my bit. I figure that for every dog and cane I can tend to I release a young man for military duty."



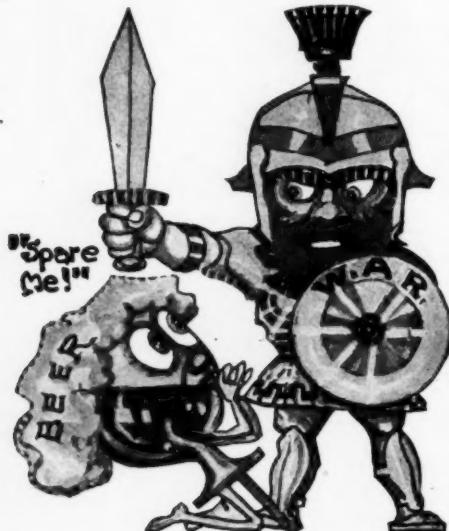
THE NEWS IN RHYME

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON

KING Constantine of Greece is seen
Upon his kingly throne no more;
Since he was canned the Grecian land
Is German in its tone no more;
But Kaiser Bill of Prussia will
Put Tino in his place again,
Or so he swears, but no one cares;
We know he's off his base again.

Three Delegates from these here states
Got off at Stockholm airily,
To join the lists of pacifists
Who'd end the war summarily;
The Russian folk have failed to soak
The German army viciously,
And though they claim they'll do that
same,
They're acting most capriciously.



In tune with these stirring times,
PUCK's tame bard twangs
a threnody of ousted kings and
pacifists, of a Congress that squab-
bles and squawks, while Hoover
St. George swats the Food Dragon
and the U-boats merrily sink
whatever floats. 'Tis a merry life.

Our Congress jaws for weeks because
That is its stunt habitual,
And people lose as it pursues
This everlasting ritual.
Food gamblers prey while this delay
Affords them opportunity
To gather in consumers' tin
And rob us with impunity.

Wood ships or steel? Our senses reel
In doping out the right of it.
While Denman talks and Goethals balks
Thus making quite a fight of it;
Which one's correct we can't detect,
We simply feel like shaking 'em,
And saying, "Boys, you stop your noise,
It's ships we need—start making 'em."

For U-boats slink beneath the drink
And sink ships with celerity,
'And it's a race now to replace
These victims of barbarity.
To raid with zest each U-boat nest
Is what the navies seek to do,
But though no end of ships they send
'Twill take more than a week or two.

Ruth Cruger's fate has caused of late
A horror that is national.
A woman's wit and nerve and grit
And theory most rational,
Unearthed the truth concerning Ruth
While Gotham's cops were slumbering.
The poor police! when will they cease
To be so dull and lumbering?

A huge success—the war loan, yes,
'Twas bought by quite a lot of us,
And Germans wise will now revise
The wrong idea the've got of us.
The reason is our dander's riz
And nothing will diminish it.
We're slow to start but—mind and
heart—
We're in this war to finish it!





Jonah (to the crew that chucked him overboard): Confound you fellows! If there was a torpedo in this submarine I'd sink you!

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Establish Food Control—Now!

A MILLION Americans are preparing in this country either to go into training, or go to the front. Many of them will leave dependents behind them.

And just as assiduously as they labor to fit themselves to fight their country's cause, another and a very much smaller group of men are laying their sinister plans for plundering that portion of the public who must remain at home and furnish the sinews of war.

The quartermaster at the front who juggled the supplies of his men to his own private gain would speedily be granted the doubtful honor of facing a firing squad. Just why the food gambler at home is permitted to escape this well-deserved fate must remain one of the mysteries of the times. Mr. Hoover tells us that already \$250,000,000 has been cleaned up by the flour gamblers alone. The majority of men who traffic in this commodity on "pits" and "exchanges" never saw a barrel of flour, and their shameless manipulation of prices can be ended only by the passage of the food control bill which President Wilson so urgently desires.

The food gambler, who usually masquerades as a "commission merchant" or under some equally dignified designation, is the most brazen leech that war develops. He prospers by gouging the dependents of the man who gives up his all to go to the front. He is beyond the reach of any moral law, of any appeal to decency.

Put him out of business!

Dot-economic-efficiency-yet

ONE Harmack, a German professor, has got his name in the papers for discovering that we went to war with Germany because Germany's economic efficiency proved inconvenient to us. "Economic efficiency" is a new way of putting it. Germans have long been noted for the odd and awkward manner in which they join words and phrases to make a single, all-expressive word. Some people have gone so far as to say that this tendency was all foolishness, and that instead of making a word of twenty-eight syllables to designate a given thing, Germans could get along just as well with a word of four or seven syllables. This theory is borne out by Herr Doktor Harmack's use of "economic efficiency." He could have used the single word "murder" in place of the words "economic efficiency," and been more expressive, more forceful and more exact. A lot of people don't even know what "economic efficiency" means; whereas they would understand "murder" right away. The trouble with Harmack, as well as with many other Germans, is that he wants to call a spade a "Grund-*underdehineinpfullenundapbrachengebracht*" or something of the sort.

Territorial Distribution

WORD comes from the Central Powers that they have at last decided to divide Alsace-Lorraine between Prussia and Bavaria. We are thankful that this matter has been definitely settled, instead of hanging in the air for another year or two. There was the possibility that the Central Powers might decide to scrap Alsace-Lorraine and throw it out on the junk-heap with Serbia, Bulgaria and the Crown Prince's reputation. Then there was the more terrifying possibility that the Central Powers, after a hard session of awarding the conquered territory to the victors, might, in a moment of apathetic weakness, award Alsace-Lorraine to Turkey. It is a relief to know that Alsace and Lorraine have ahead of them the rosy prospect of being jostled, booted and kulturized by German military officials forever after. With Alsace-Lorraine disposed of, we have nothing to worry us except what the Central Powers propose to do with the moon. Let us hope that they will not award the moon to anyone who will hang a blanket over it at night in order to keep the moonshine to himself. That would be too Prussian by far.

Why Three Meals a Day?

WE are deceiving our stomachs. When this country started business, the basis of its national life was three meals a day. Everybody toiled like a cart-horse, and needed as much fuel. There were no street-cars, no elevators, no automobiles, no messenger boys. A man's muscles were as busy during a day as the celebrated one-armed paperhanger. His three meals just sufficed to keep him running. Then labor-saving devices began to appear with unbounded vigor. The telephone, the telegraph, the railroad, the subway, the escalator and countless other contraptions designed to keep man from exerting himself popped rapidly into view. Still everybody continued to eat three meals a day; and men whose daily activities were once equal to lifting eleven tons nine miles, reduced their exertions to pressing a button twenty times, dictating thirty-nine letters and climbing in and out of the automobile six times. But they ate the same old three meals. Stomachs were deluded into thinking that their owners were doing as much work as ever. The stomachs accordingly kept on working, and all men began to grow stout. It is high time that people learned to regulate their food by the amount of physical work they do. The stomach is very accommodating, and quickly adjusts itself to reduced rations by shrinking. The average business man could get along nicely on one meal a day. Let's have an end of this inex-
cusable deception.

Cause for Indignation

NOT long ago a number of German newspapers fell into one of the frenzies that appear to be so common in German newspaper circles, and compared Kaiser Wilhelm with Abraham Lincoln. The Kaiser did not suffer by the comparison. In fact, it was generally conceded that the Kaiser had Lincoln beaten seven ways from the ace.

Careful analysis shows that they really do have points in common. Wilhelm wears leather shoes: so did Lincoln. Wilhelm worries over the outcome of a great war: so did Lincoln. Wilhelm eats food at regular intervals, and slakes his thirst with water: so did Lincoln.

At this point, however, the resemblance ceases. Wilhelm claims to be a direct descendant of God. Lincoln never claimed to be descended from anyone except the Lincolns on his father's side and the Hankses on his mother's side. Wilhelm allows and encourages his soldiery to murder non-combatants, lay waste neutral nations, break treaties, slaughter women and children, destroy cathedrals and outrage humanity. Such proceedings did not conform to Lincoln's standards. It is difficult to see how the comparison of Wilhelm Hohenzollern with Abraham Lincoln can attain wide popularity.

It is easy to see, however, that Lincoln's descendants have good cause for suing the German newspapers for libel after the war.

—Kenneth Roberts.

A Raw One

BOB: Do you think that raw material should be taxed?

BELLE: Only slackers!



"Rouse mit der dove; for me you would make a splendid bird of peace."

Concerning the End of Pirates

Hearken, German buccaneer
In your submarine:
Pirates, since the age of stone,
Met one end and one alone:
Hanging's what I mean.

Blackbeard, Morgan and Lafitte,
Teach and Captain Kidd
Danced at last upon the air
As was only right and fair,
After what they did.

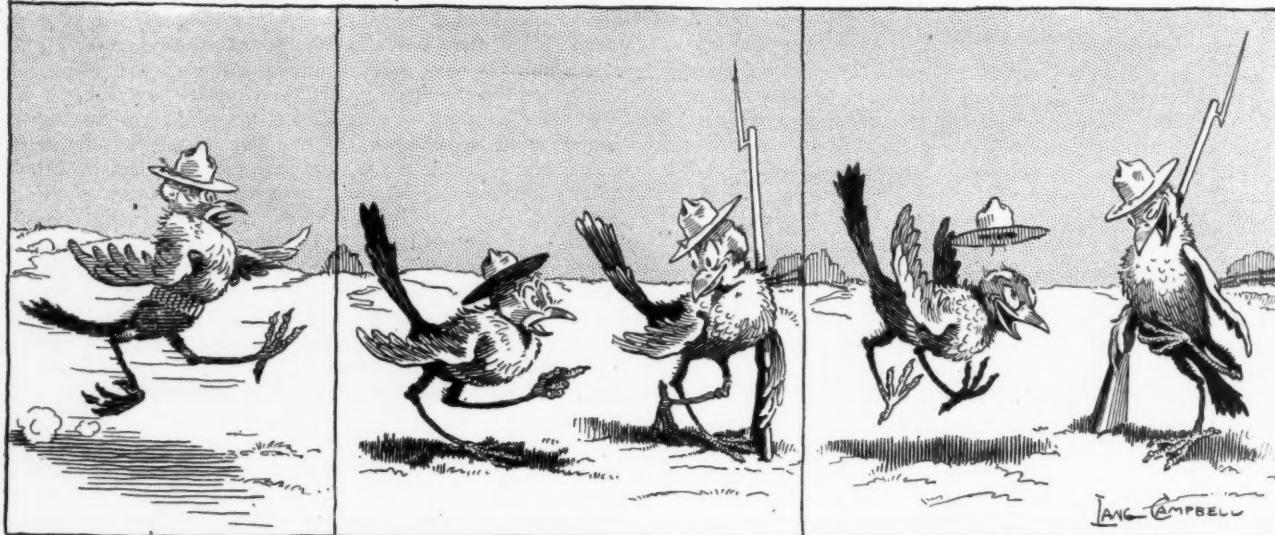
Sentiment remains the same
Toward a pirate crew;
So we hope that soon or late
All U-crews will meet their fate
On the gallows too.

Venom

SHRAPNEL (*enthusiastically*): He is a matchless officer.

KHAKI: That's because he doesn't smoke.

War Time in Bird Center



The Forefront of Battle

THE GENERAL: What is that fiendish din?

THE ORDERLY: The enemy is sounding his tocsin, Sir.

THE GENERAL: Call up the medical corps and have them reply with anti-toxin.

Easy

SAM: Who was the first Kaiser?
BULL: How do I know? Ask me something easy.

SAM: Something easy?
BULL: Yes, ask me who's the last.

To Chloe

"The night has a thousand eyes,"
A potato has but nine,
So you may take the nights, sweet-heart,
And I'll take the spuds for mine.

Financially Speaking

PATIENT'S WIFE: Do you think my husband can stand an operation?

DOCTOR (*absently*): My dear madam, you know his financial affairs better than I do.

Neutral

TICKET AGENT: Upper or lower berth?

UNCLE EBEN: Give me a medium.

Not Meant As Sounded

MISS PEACH: What do you think of Doctor Bump's ability?

MR. SAPHEAD: Well, he pulled a bone when he operated on my head.

His Fear

FRIEND: Why do you let those seeds lie on the ground? Why don't you cover them up?

AMATEUR GARDENER: I'm afraid that if I do, I can't find them again.

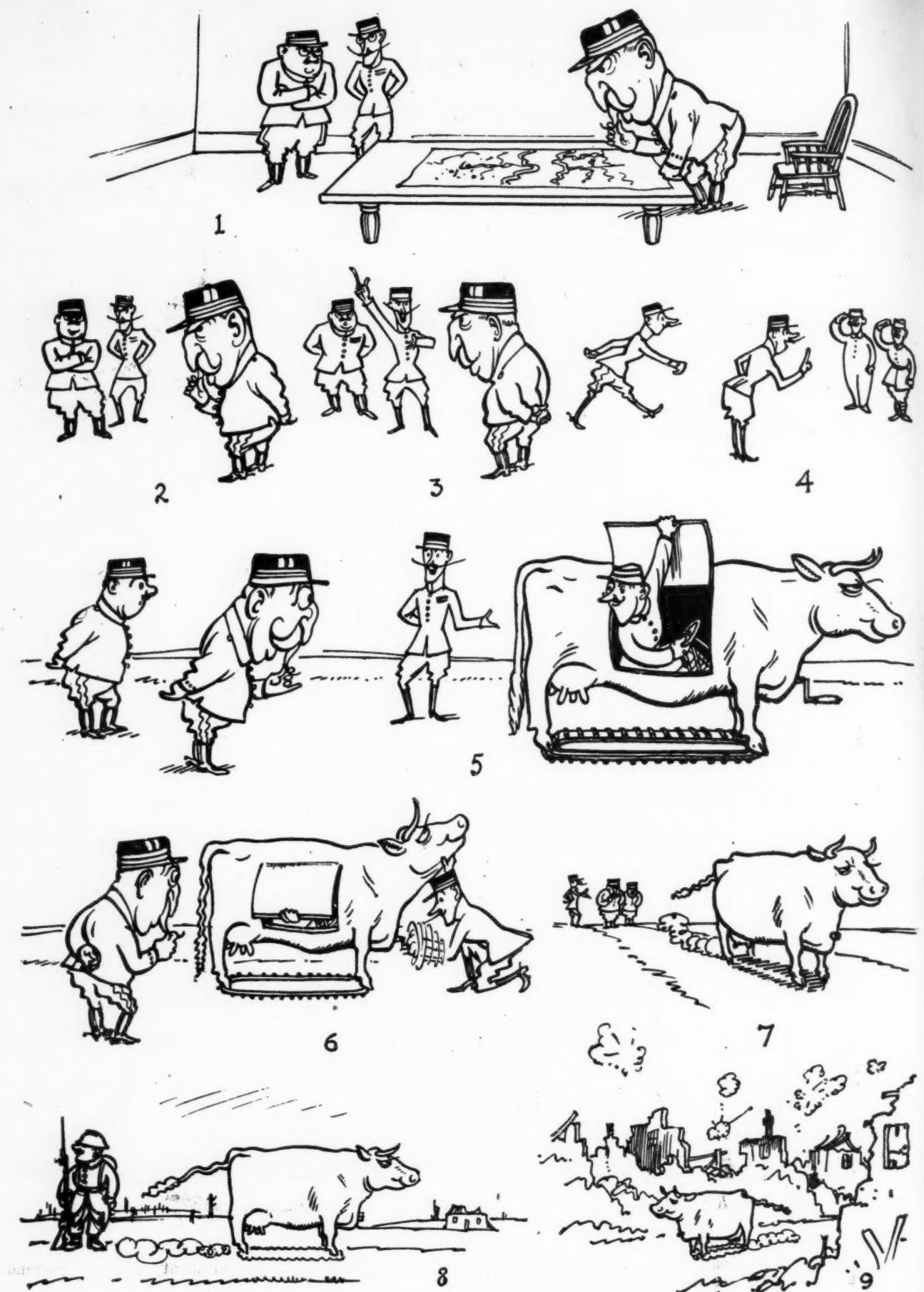
The Famous Raemaekers Cartoons, No. 4



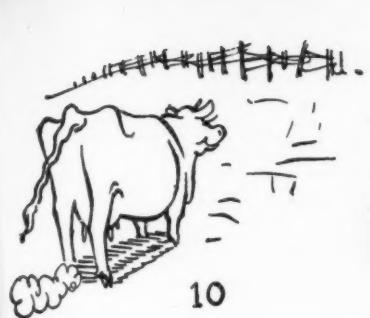
Drawn by Louis Raemaekers

Counsels of Prudence

Hun (to his comrade): Why go on? The Allies have now plenty of shells and plenty of food. Surrender means that we get the food and escape the shells.



The New Military Motor-Cow, or How the French



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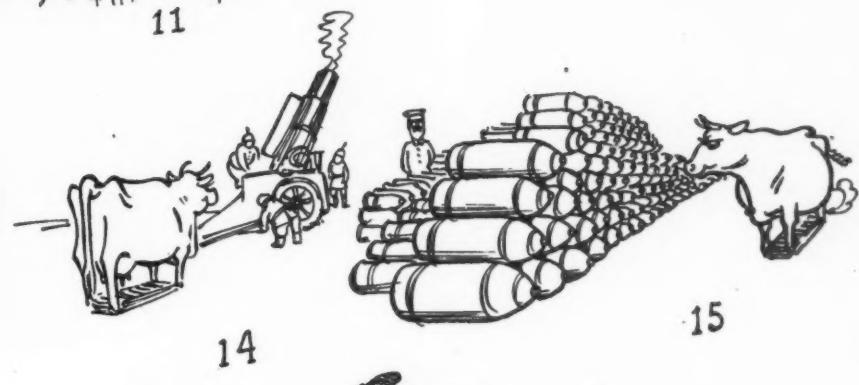
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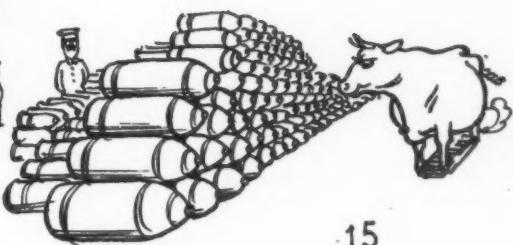
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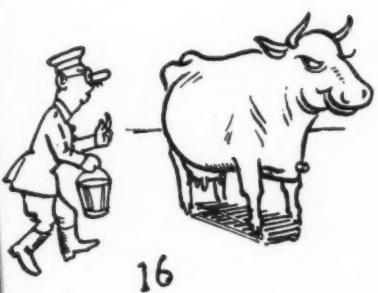
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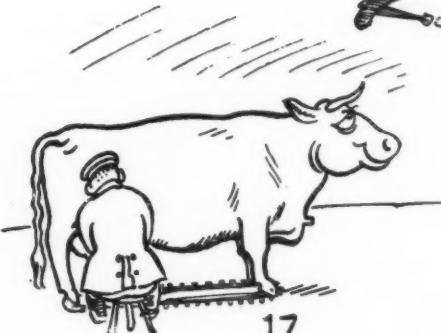
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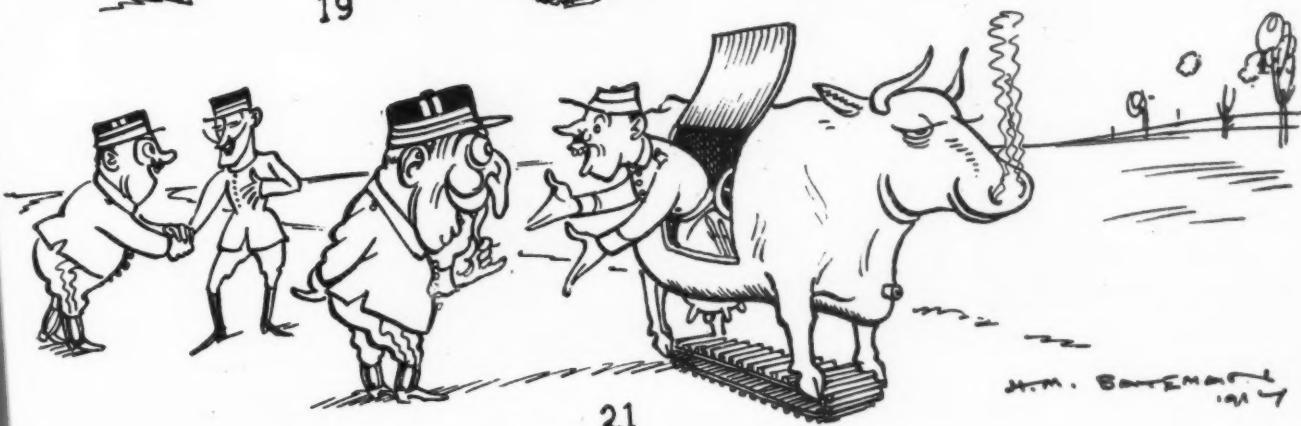
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H.M. BAWDEN 1917

How the French General Learned the Huns' Secrets

Acknowledging the Compliment

DRILL SERGEANT (*after worrying Nesbitt for two hours*): Right about face.

NESBITT (*immovable*): Thank the Lord, I'm right about something at last.

Were is Thy Sting?

MAJOR: How did you get your men to charge so furiously?

CAPTAIN: I told them I'd read some poetry to them tonight.

The Greater Love

"Why are you against war?"

"Because it may stop the baseball games."

Merchant Marine

"Phil always was a lucky guy."

"What now?"

"He's sold his rowboat to the government."

Progress

"Do you think the Germans will get to Petrograd?"

"Yes, if they keep on retreating before the French and the English."

No Hypocrite

FARMER: If you're too old to join th' army, why don't you join the home guard?

TRAMP: Dat would be four-flushin', Mister; I ain't got no home.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

GERMAN OFFICER (*as he tries to surrender to a company of American college boys*): Gott in Himmel, stop! This is only war; it isn't a cane-rush!

Prussian A-B-C

Autocracy
Bomb plots
Confiscation
Deportations
Espionage
Frightfulness
Gas
Hair-splitting
Injustice
Jealousy
Krupp
Lies
Mines
Narrowness
Obsession
Pan-Germanism
Quarrelsomeness
Rapine
Sacrilege
Terrorism
U-boats
Violations
Wilhelmstrasse
Xerotic
Yoke
Zeppelins

German Professors

THERE is one indubitable fact about German professors.

They are German. If logic does not coincide with their viewpoint, it gets a taste of *Schrecklichkeit*, which is a kind of Prussian antidote for common sense. When the war broke out every Herr Doktor in the Empire began proving that his government was forced into it. Each professor put aside his test tubes, retorts, Greek verbs and transfixed butterflies and went in immediately for brief-writing. Every time he wrote "Gott strafe" something or other—usually England—it looked to him like an unassailable syllogism. As a result of this close thinking every German professor in the fatherland had in a short time convinced every other German professor in the fatherland. It was a perfect orgy of unanimity.

A short time later they had the Kaiser dining in Paris. A philistine named Joffre (for lack of Kultur) betrayed crass contempt for that conclusion, which simply bolstered up the profs in their view that none but Germans can think clearly. Then the savants had some peace treaties all drawn up (except for the formality of a few signatures) conceding London, Petrograd, Belgium, France, Texas, Kalamazoo and a few billions in indemnities to the imperial government. The obstinacy of the entente and the stupid Yankees (see the complete works of Von Papen for more endearing epithets) was the only thing which prevented an immediate declaration of peace.

When this war is at last over, unprejudiced critical judgment will place these learned gentlemen where they belong—in the Hall of Fame right next to Nick Carter and the press agents of P. T. Barnum.

—E. L.

First

DUDE APPLICANT FOR SERVICE: I suppose I've got to shed my blood for my country.

RECRUITING OFFICER: You've got to shed those spats and the loud socks first.

Longer

RETURNED SOLDIER: The fighting over in Europe is something terrible. I was in an action that lasted three days.

AMERICAN: Only three days! You ought to see some of our legal actions.



"Vill ve fire from der surface?"

"Vat! Mit von of dose tamm Yankee gunners aboudt!"



Mother: (weepingly): I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

Officer: I believe you, madam. Your son acts as if he had been raised as an understudy for St. Vitus.

Strictly Military

WILLIS: Was it a military wedding?

GILLIS: Yes. The groom fought with the ushers, the best man was half-shot and the bride had just charged up a lot of bills.

Way Down

"What is the lowest form of life?"

"Submarine crews."

Evened Up

SHE: They've went and took Mrs. Brown's husband for the army.

HER: Took him? Why he's got one leg shorter than the other.

SHE: Oh, yes; but that doesn't matter, you see, because the ground's so uneven in France.

Fatally Wounded

SYMPATHETIC OFFICER: Is he fatally wounded, do you think?

IRISH NURSE: I think two av the wounds is fatal, sor, but the third is not, an' if we can lave him rest quiet for a while, he may come around all right.

His Bit

FRIEND: Mrs. Casey's four sons are in the army. Have your family done your bit?

MR. SAPHEAD: Yes, indeed. Three of my ancestors fought in the Revolutiton.

Her Worry

MRS. WAYUPP: This war means a lot of suffering.

MRS. BLASE: Yes, indeed. Whatever will become of the women whose alimony-paying husbands have gone to war?

The Limit

AVIATION INSTRUCTOR: You have never made a flight?

MR. HENPECK (enlisting in the aviation corps): No.

AVIATION INSTRUCTOR: How long do you think you could stay up?

MR. HENPECK: Ten o'clock is what my wife allows me.

Eat 'Em and Fight

"What do they mean by the dogs of war?"

"Frankfurters."



Suggestion to a Modern Autocrat: In order to take your morning walk in peace, disguise yourself as a peasant and have two impersonators precede you.

Adding to His Burden
A subscriber complains:
Dear Sir—I had to register in Brown's undertaking establishment on Main Street, this town. Don't you think that's kind of rubbing it in?

CONSCRIPT 23.
Tombstone, Arizona.

War's Transforming Magic



Two portraits of Clarence Fauntleroy Smifkins. Everybody picked on him at college.

Inscriptions for Battle Monuments

PARIS: Dedicated to the memory of General von Kluck, who did not take this city on Sedan Day, 1914.

* * *

Verdun: Here lieth, in the slaughter house of France, the hopes of a Crown Prince and the bones of the unfortunates he drove to the killing.

* * *

Kut-el-Amara: Sacred to the memory of the Turks who will never come back and to the Englishmen who did.

* * *

Gallipoli: Inscribed to the memory of a blunder.

* * *

The Marne: It's a long von Kluck that has no turning.

* * *

Calais: Erected to commemorate the curious dreams of the late Pan-Germanic League.

—Benjamin De Casseres.

Four Laps

DASHER: How far off is the next city election?

ALDERMAN: Six graft charges, a million dollar paving contract and two police investigations.

Eyes Front!

MEDICAL EXAMINER: Drink? **R**ECruit: Er-er, yes, thanks, don't care 'f I do.

A Novelty

THE BOOKING AGENT: Nothing doing. We're overstocked with lady animal tamers.

APPlicant: Lion an' tiger tamers, mebbe. But I gotta troupe o' tame mice.



Ladybug: Oh, Reginald, let's go back! I'm sure we shall meet one of those horrible submarines!

Some Job

JOCK MACKAY, an old Scotch farmer, was being interviewed by a government official who was telling him what he must do in the event of a German invasion on that section of the coast of Scotland.

The old fellow drank in every word the official said and was visibly affected by the interview. "An hae I reely tae dae this wi' a' ma beasties if the Germans come?" he questioned gravely.

Upon being informed that such was the law, that "all live stock of every description must be branded and driven inland," Jock feelingly replied: "Weel, I'm thinking I'll hae an awfu' job wi' ma bees."

Identification

In response to a ring at her door one morning not long ago a Philadelphia woman herself answered the call. She found there a little girl in a state of excitement.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" asked the lady of the house.

"Please, ma'am," answered the child, "our kitty is lost. Did you see a kitty go past here by the name of Snookums?"

Defining Him

A philosopher is a man who can make two problems grow where only one grew before.

The Pacifist

(With a nod to the shade of W. S. Gilbert)

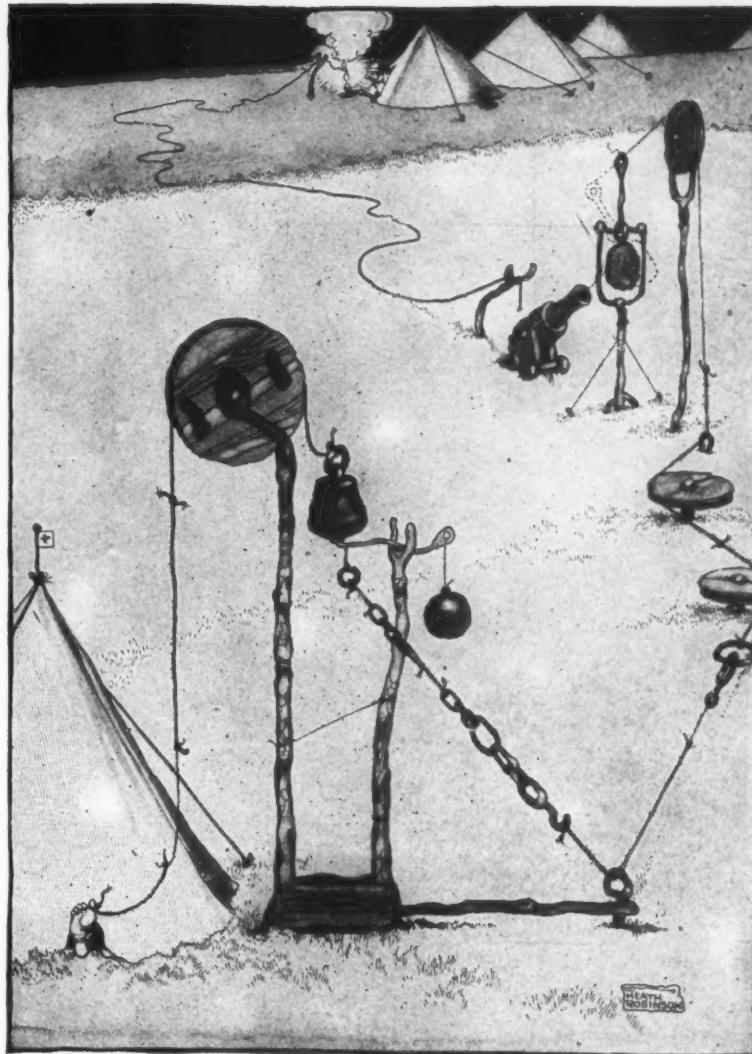
If you want a receipt for that pitiful mystery
 Known to the world as the Pacifist type,
 Take certain figures in fiction or history,
 Tomlinson, Ichabod, men of that stripe.
 Take a good portion of Uriah Heepishness,
 Some Mr. Caudle and some Jerry Sneak;
 Bob Acres' courage and Aguecheek's sheepishness,
 Patience of Job and of Moses the meek.
 Pious expression that's quite Saint Cecelian,
 Stick-to-it traits of the spider of Bruce;
 Turncoat propensity of a chameleon,
 Absence of nerve to say "Boo" to a goose.
 Touch of Methuselah's well-known senility,
 Trace of Mac Sycophant's smiling servility;
 Cosmical outlook of soulful Hermione,
 Silver-tongued eloquence, William J. Bryany;
 Some Georgie Porgie, and some Isaac Watts,
 Mr. Micawber and Pecksniff—in spots—
 Take of these elements all that are placable,
 Add a mind stubborn, pig-headed, unshakable;
 Burn all to ash in a calumet pipe,
 And the residuum is the Pacifist Type.

If you want a receipt for this party political,
 Follow the way of a snake in the grass;
 Add to the scope of a plan Jesuitical
 Stubborn endurance of Balaam's famed ass.
 Flabby good nature of Mr. Dick Swiveller,
 Spunk of the wee little pig who stayed home,
 Lachrymal glands of Niobe the sniveller;
 Two-faced, like Janus, who templed at Rome.
 Puritan maiden Priscilla's sweet purity,
 Glad Pollyanna's ecstatalogical drool;
 Pleasing effect of Picaso's futurity,
 Brain of Tom Noddy and soul of Tom Fool.
 Panicky fear, such as frightened Miss Muffett out,
 Boast of Parolles, but unable to bluff it out,
 Voice of a siren and smile of a Billiken,
 Standard of honor the size of a spiliken;
 Reasoning powers of a battering ram,
 Gentle demeanor of Mary's pet lamb;
 Take of these any pacific ingredients,
 Rod-kissing, cheek-turning, servile obedience—
 Let them mature, till a bit over-ripe,
 And the final result is the Pacifist Type!

—Carolyn Wells.



Military Drilling



A simple device adopted by officers of the German army for awakening their servants.

Hard to Find

MRS. WILL: We want to get somebody to deliver a patriotic address at our club.

MRS. GILL: Why don't you get one of the local army officers?

MRS. WILL: That won't do. We want to get some national hero who has died for his country.

Trouble

RECRUITING OFFICER: You claim exemption because you are engaged in production. How do you figure that?

RECRUIT: Say, if I don't produce that pay-check on Saturday nights, there's trouble, that's all.

Those Long Games

ENGLISHMAN: War does not mean a cessation of athletics. When I was on the firing line I saw our men playing cricket.

AMERICAN: No doubt they were just finishing up a game that they started before they left England.

A Difference

Hamlin was expatiating on the merits of his latest motor car bargain.

"I don't say she's so much to look at, but you should see the way she takes a hill."

"Up or down?" questioned a callous friend.



The Sketch

Tommy: (to the "charger" he has borrowed during his week-end leave, after it has been down three times in ten minutes): Wot! On yer knees again? Go on—get on with it—"Bless Pa and Ma an' make me a good 'orse, Amen."

Shocking

It was at a club. One of the older members, a clever chap, was being frightfully bored by his vis-a-vis at table in the café one evening, the latter being as dull as a German professor.

The talk was fast becoming unendurable, when the old member observed a man at the other end of the café yawning in a manner that threatened to dislocate his jaws.

"Look!" exclaimed the O. M., in desperation, "we are overheard!"

Good Idea

"Charley," said young Mrs. Stitt, "I hear that some of the politicians want to efface party lines."

"I believe they do, my dear, but why do you mention it?"

"Well, I hope they do. Having your telephone ring every time a neighbor puts in a call is a perfect nuisance."

All That Was Left of It

"Is that the same car you bought this spring?"

"All except the body and three wheels."

Just the Thing

BERYL: Here's an item in the paper to the effect that muslins may be made from fibers of the banana-tree.

BELLE: They should be easy to slip on.

Versatile

Among the replies received to an advertisement in a Western paper for some one to take charge of a church choir and play the organ was this:

"I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

The Chemist to the Rescue

A PHILADELPHIA chemist has made the momentous discovery that if certain amounts of sodium phosphate, calcium carbonate, ammonia sulphate, sugar and yeast are mixed together and put up behind the kitchen clock until autolysis ensues, the result will be a sticky brown past that can't be told from beef extract, either in taste, smell or nutrition.

There are tremendous possibilities in this discovery.

After a little more research-work in the art of making meats out of chemicals, it should be possible for a housewife to go out into her chemical pantry, take a few bottles from her shelves, toss together given quantities of, let us say, hexachlorethane, hydroxilic oxygen, carbon disulphide, rhombic aragonite, propionaldehyde and four or six clothespins and get a roast duck. By skilfully blending other funny-smelling ingredients, she should be able to get a nice mess of apple sauce; while the combination of still others should give her fried egg plant, mashed potatoes, pineapple sherbet and whatever other succulent edibles she may have selected for dinner. Thus she will be spared the anguish of keeping after the grocer lest he fail to bring the provisions before five o'clock; and she can walk out of the house without fearing that the ice in the ice-chest will melt and her provisions be ruined.

When she has planned to have five lamb chops for dinner, and an unexpected guest drops in, she will only need to add a few more pinches of sodium phosphate, calcium carbonate, etcetera, in order to provide extra chops *ad lib.*

It is going to be a great day for the world's food economy when the chemists work out the formula for a whole week's menu, from grape-fruit to roquefort cheese.



A Full Moon

Whose Shoe in America



Posed Exclusively for Posterity.

Dr. Vapid Jahr Jawem

THIS portrait of a notable Pacifist of the Pacific Coast, made during one of his introspective moods, might serve as a beautiful composite of the whole breed of anti-militaristic non-patriots. It is typical of that class of so-called Americans who are engaged in nullifying the efforts of the Government to arouse our country to the full realization that we are at war with Germany. Dr. Jawem is a scholar and a gentleman—when there is no trouble a-brew, but neither his diverted scholarship nor his self-conscious gentleness will avail him anything in the great campaign upon which the United States is now grimly launched to "make the world safe for democracy."

The genus Pacifist is a strange and anomalous creature and of varied intellectual plumage. Its habitat is far-flung and it feeds upon the selfish fears and mushy sentimentalism of weak-kneed parents with husky sons of military age. The spartan strain, though dominant among American motherhood (thank God!), is as abhorrent to the Pacifist bird as the Stars and Stripes is to Hindenburg.

The noble and heroic countenance of the Herr Doktar Jawem (he will like that way of putting it) should be pasted in the hat of every "flannelled oaf" and those youths who connive at the evasion of their paramount duty while skulking behind the skirts of their women folk. As an accompanying motto to the portrait we suggest the one-time national slogan: "Ich ker bibble."

Advantage of H. C. of L

HE: Helen should never have put all her eggs in one basket.

SHE: But she did and she had room enough left for a dollar's worth of potatoes; seventy-five cents' worth of beefsteak, fifty cents' worth of beans and a lot of other groceries.

Trench Raids

HINDENBURG, it is said, expects to win the war before the United States gets ready. Expectation is sometimes the mother of tears.

* * *

Germs spurn library books.—*Newspaper headline.* They know a "best seller" from afar.

* * *

Coming events cast their Pershings before.

* * *

During these "tightening up times" it is important to know whether you have the extravagance of the poor or only the caprices of the well-to-do.

* * *

Every human face is a shop window; and the eyes are the price-tags on the goods in the shop.

* * *

A man has invented a clock that will run twice as fast as an ordinary clock during working hours. The Kaiser will need this clock for his armies when he begins his retreat toward the Rhine.

Doing His Bit

In Mobile a certain Mr. Johnson had been paying three dollars a week for his board. His appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out or quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she said:

"Mr. Johnson, I has to raise yo' board to fo' dollahs."

Mr. Johnson looked up with a start; then in a tone of consternation he said:

"Mis' Nellie, don't do it! It's as much as I kin do now to eat three dollahs' worth!"

On the Universal Elevator

(1917 run)

Going Up

Democracy

Equality

Merit

Opportunity

Concord

Righteousness

Allies

Charity

Young America

Going Down

Autocracy

Usurpation

Trickery

Oppression

Cabal

Ruthlessness

Animosity

Central Powers

Yellow hearts.



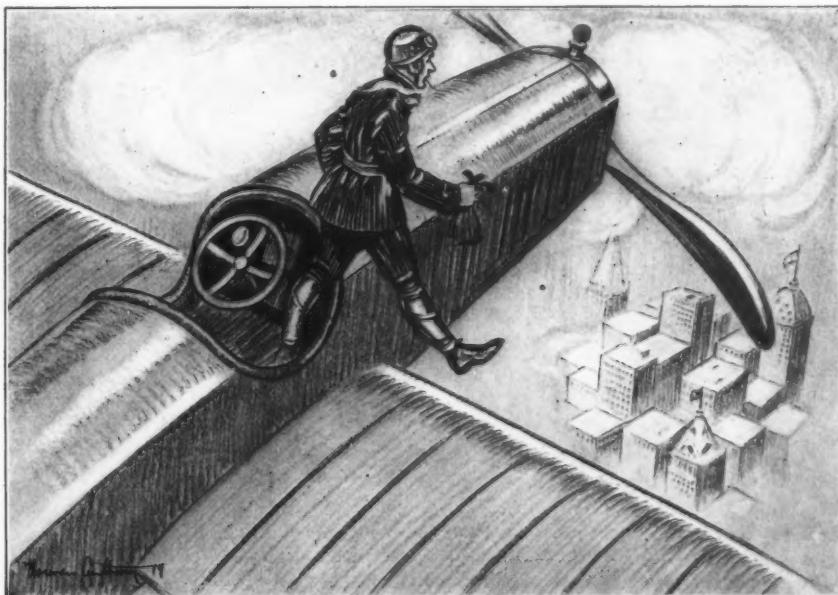
"How do you turn it off when you get a pail full, Uncle?"

Correct

During the course of his examination the recruiting sergeant asked the applicant:

"What would you do if you were ordered to disperse the enemy in a trench?"

"Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.



Forgetful Motorist: Darn it! Now I've got to get out and crank her up!

Forlorn Hope

THE WOMAN AT THE BACK DOOR:
It must be a terrible thing to have to go through life without your limb. You must remember, however, that it will be restored to you in the next world.

THE HOBO: I know it will, mum, but that don't encourage me none. You see, me foot was cut off when I was a baby, and it won't come within a foot of the ground when it's restored.

The End of the Job

"Oh, mother!" cried little Mabel, excitedly, "I saw the place where they make horses when I was out riding with Uncle Fred this afternoon."

"Where they make horses, dear? What makes you think that?"

"Why, because the man was just finishing one. He was nailing on his last foot."

In the Graveyard

FIRST SPOOK: How did you get out of your coffin?

SECOND SPOOK: I used a skeleton key.



Having a nut frappe.

Purest Ray Serene

IKEY: Popper, the Bible says Moses smote a rock and water came out. What kind of a stone was it?

FATHER (absently): A stone of the first vater, mine son.

Too Much

The congregation of a rural church in Arkansas fired their pastor because he was detected in tying a tin can to a dog's tail.

"They are a hide bound, bigoted bunch," said the victim bitterly. "They think because a man is a minister he ought to tie a silver goblet to a dog's tail."

Indisputable

"There's no doubt now that a republican form of government has been established in Russia."

"With all that trouble they're having?"

"Certainly! The paper says that they let the pacifists over there talk all they want to, no matter how much it hurts the country."

Exit the Typist

"I see you've got a dictating machine."

"Yes, my wife saw it advertised."

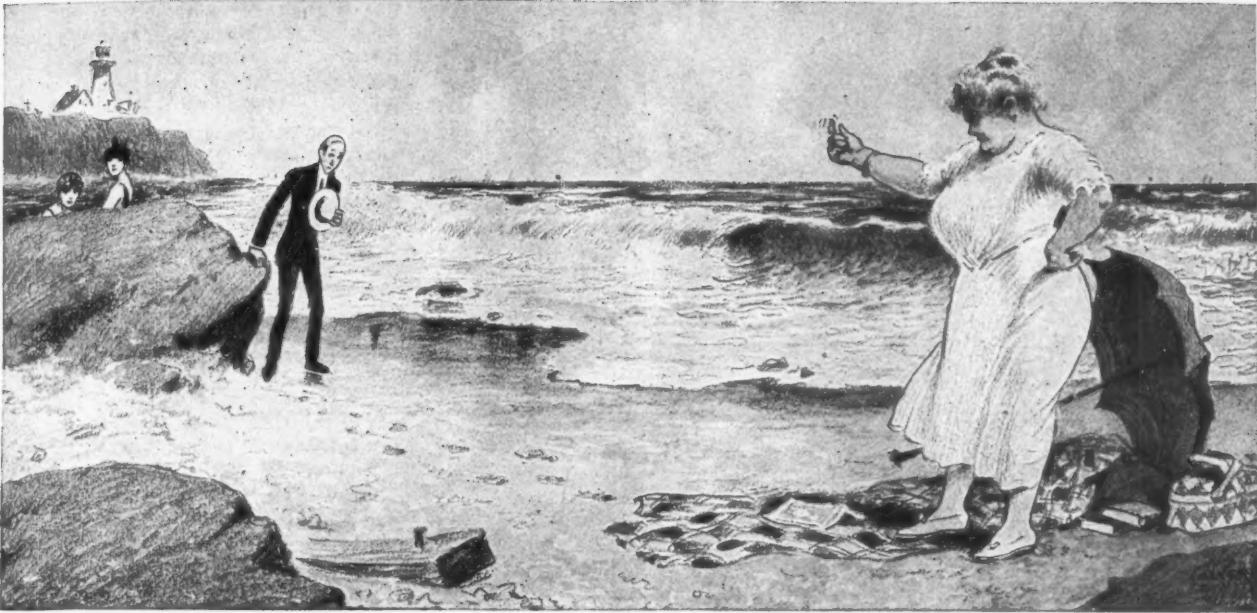
Linguistic Preparedness in the "Conquered Districts"



Drawn by Georges Pavis and forwarded to PUCK from his hospital cot in Paris

First Poilu: I read the other day that old Hindenburg says the German language is becoming more and more popular in the French districts his men are occupying.

Second Poilu: I don't doubt it. Our people are getting ready to tell the Huns in German what they have always thought of them in French.



The Wife: Come here you slacker!

Conservation or Devastation?

THE following bills which have been introduced in the New York State Legislature, are either approved by that state's Conservation Commissioner, or if not actually introduced with his approval, have not been actively opposed by the department he heads:

1. Law permitting the shooting of doe and fawns, not in the spotted coat. 100 Senate.

2. Law to grant an extension of the open season on raccoons, the avowed purpose being to ultimately exterminate these little black-nosed, ring-tailed game animals. 411 Senate; 484 Assembly.

3. Law extending the open season on rabbits. 527 Senate; 1155 Assembly.

4. Law which calls for a high State Tax on dogs, yet permits farmers or others to shoot them on sight, the owner having no redress. Senate 458.

5. Law which will permit any person over the age of sixteen, who holds a hunting license, to shoot cats and which, despite this, places a license on these household pets. Senate 893; Assembly 483.

At this rate, provided the New York State Legislature enacts the proposed legislation into law, the state will be overrun with game, the breeding of dogs will be greatly encouraged and the raising of cats given great impetus. At the same time all those who so wish may, if they are not fortunate enough to get where they can hunt rabbits, squirrels or deer, experience all the thrills of the chase by going out on the back door step where (if they have paid a dollar and ten cents for a hunter's license) they may shoot a nice dog or two belonging to their neighbors, and can have the delightful experience of slaughtering a whole wagon load of cats.

Back to the Soil

Howson: Going to raise anything on your vacant lot this year?

Lorr: I'm going to raise a thousand dollars on it to pay my grocery bills.

Raus Mit Him

Little Martha's mother was an American, while her father was a German.

One day after the latter had punished her rather severely, she called her mother into another room, closed the door and said:

"Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish you would send that husband of yours back to Germany."

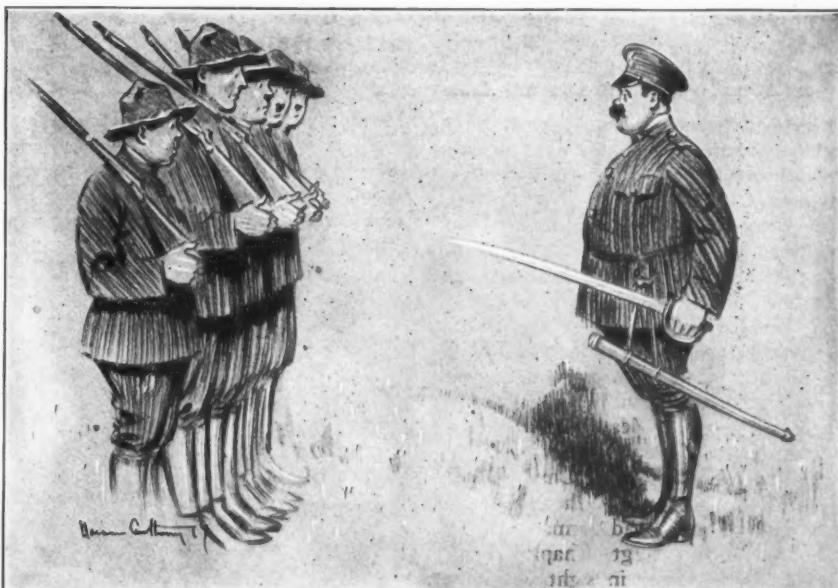
No Hardship

FIRST OFFICER: That society chap who just enlisted said he wouldn't be afraid to die in action.

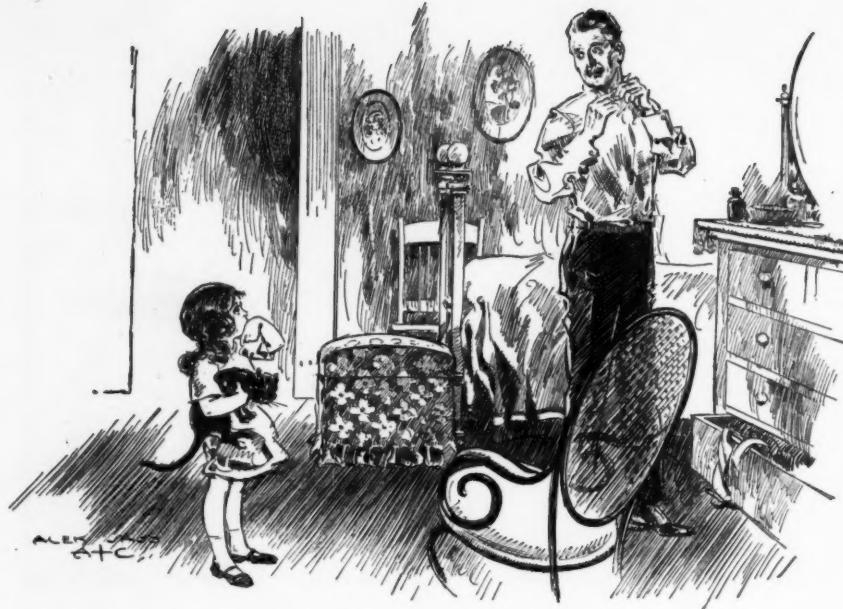
SECOND OFFICER: He wouldn't. I happen to know that he isn't afraid to tell his valet what he thinks of him and that to die on the battlefield is good form.

Appropriate

People called him a clam
He had small muscles all over his body
He was as mum as an oyster
His trousers were scalloped at the bottom
He had a little neck
And lost his money in shell games!



Corporal: "Tenshun C'mp'ny! Foursri'-lef" waugh! blup-hip-blub-blah! Say, wazzer matter? Can't you boobs understand English?"



"I hope you haven't shaved yet, father"
 "No, dear. Why?"
 "'Cos I want to scratch my mosquito bite on your beard."

Charley Chaplin Meets the German Army

Charley Chaplin has started for England to enlist in the British Army.—*News item.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, Sometime in 1918—Sergt. Charles Chaplin, of the Queen's Own Grenadiers, was today mentioned in despatches for having pierced the German lines to a depth of 1,800 metres and hitting General Von Wienerwurst in the face with a lemon meringue pie, after having rendered all the privates in the front-line trenches *hors du combat* by his unerring aim with several dozen eggs with which he armed himself on his raid.

Sergt. Chaplin went over the parapet at 3:20 a.m., carrying his basket of eggs, his little cane and a ladder with which to surmount any obstacles which he might encounter.

Before the German machine gunners could open fire on him, Sergt. Chaplin became apparently inextricably tangled with the ladder and the eggs, and fell down several times in rapid succession. The Germans were so interested in watching his struggles with the ladder that they allowed him to approach within a few yards.

A Prussian lieutenant in the front-line trench then took a shot at him with his revolver; but the sergeant ducked cleverly at that moment, so that the bullet passed over his head and killed a German captain. The first officer was accounted for when Sergt. Chaplin maneuvered his ladder in such a manner as to dent the f.o.'s head permanently.

Following this, Sergt. Chaplin bombarded all the enemy in sight with his eggs, causing great havoc among a regiment of Brandenburgers, who were unable to stop the bombardment because

of the sergeant's extreme cleverness in falling down when he was on the verge of being hit.

When Sergt. Chaplin had exhausted his eggs, he rounded a corner on one leg and hastened up a communication trench. Several attempts were made to stop him, but the sergeant frustrated them by bowling over his would-be captors with the end of his ladder, by poking them in the stomachs with his cane, or by calling their attention to imaginary objects in their rear and then kicking them out of commission when they turned to look.

While the sergeant was walking on his heels down a trench, General Von Wienerwurst emerged from a dug-out and ordered him to halt. Without hesitating a moment, Sergt. Chaplin drew a lemon meringue pie from his trousers' pocket and let the general have it between the eyes. The general was blinded by the sudden attack. Noting

this fact, Sergt. Chaplin took him tenderly by the hand and led him back through the German lines until he had reached No-Man's land. Just before leaping into his own trenches, the sergeant sat the General down on a hand grenade, shook hands with him and wished him luck. The spot where the General came down has not yet been found.—*Kenneth L. Roberts.*

High-toned

"What's a nice, classy name for my summer home?"

"How about Potato Villa?"

Convenient

MOTHER: Why are you feeding the baby garlic?

FATHER: So we can find him in the dark.

Joys of Parenthood

"When I was young I worked twelve hours a day," said the father.

"I admire your youthful energy," replied the son, "but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it."

Baggy Fame

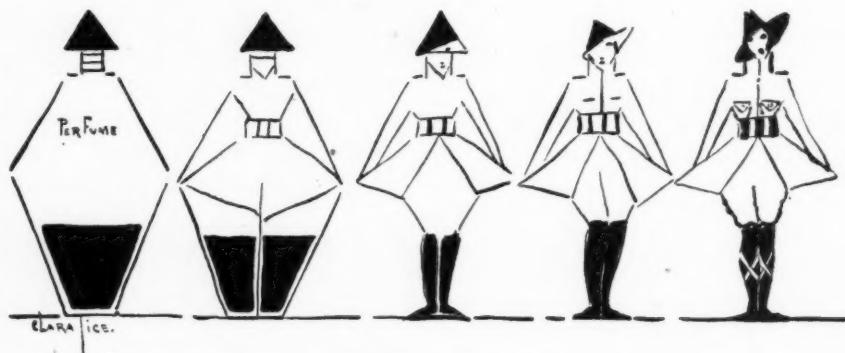
"Why is it you have to spend so much time in creasing your pants, hey?" shouted pater familias.

"It is important, dad, not to wear baggy trousers."

"Important? Oh, it is, is it? Did you ever see a statue to a famous man who didn't wear baggy pants?"

The Bold Gold Bug

All germs are deadly, so they say, and take the roller towel away, abolish the public drinking cup, and scrub the soda fountain up. Sanitation sweeps o'er the land, our bread is baked untouched by hand. The laundry, grocer, every clerk is advertising germless work. We boil a path for baby's feet; we bar the kiss, however sweet. Guided by scientific light we sterilize from morn till night. The factories pick, pack and seal, their guarantees no germs conceal, but no one fears the microbe, brash, that rides about upon our cash.



A War-Time Evolution

Culled on the Campus

JEAN: Are ze Angleese sending over
of amazons to fight for zem?

LOUIS: Non, non. Zey are ze
Scotch.

JEAN: But ze dresses, Louis?

LOUIS: Mon Dieu! Zey are ze kilts
des Highlands!

JEAN: Alons, I go see, moi.

After investigating, Jean returned.

JEAN: We both have wrong, Louis.
Zey are ze Middlesex Volunteers.

—*The Brief.*

* * *

GRACE: I told him he mustn't see me
any more.

HER BROTHER: Well, what did he
do?

GRACE: Turned out the lights!

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

* * *

RECRUITING ORATOR: —and what
motives are taking these brave young
men to the front?

VOICE FROM REAR: Locomotives!

—*Widow.*

* * *

"This," said the goat, as he turned
from the tomato can and began on the
broken mirror with relish, "this is indeed
food for reflection." —*Lampoon.*

* * *

BULL: How many cigs d'ye smoke a
day?

DURHAM: Any given number.
—*Jester.*

* * *

BETA: I was discharged from home
for painting the door black.

ZETA: What did your father say?

BETA: He said, "Never darken my
door again." —*Awgwan.*

* * *

"Did you see those autos skid?"
"Sir, how dare you call me that?"

—*Puppet.*

* * *

STEWED: Honey, I'd like to see you
apart for a moment.

LADY CLERK: Say, kid, whadaya
think I am; a puzzle for the little ones?
—*Lehigh Burr.*

* * *

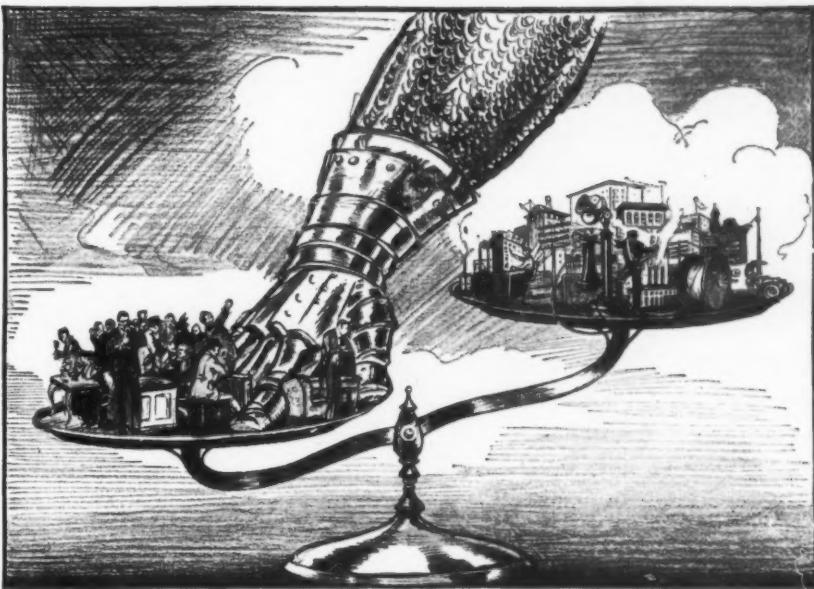
HARRY: And what changed your
mind about committing suicide? Was
it some spiritual message?

CARRIE: Naw, I'd a had to put an
other quarter in the gas meter. —*Pitt
Panther.*

* * *

DOCTOR: Well, I will have to operate
when you are stronger.

PATIENT: When I'm stronger? For
the love o' Mike, do you think I am
a cheese? —*Awgwan.*



The Weight of War

The heavy hand of war has disturbed the balance between supply and demand the world over. Our problem of serving the public has all at once assumed a new and weightier aspect.

Extraordinary demands on telephone service by the Government have been made and are being met. Equipment must be provided for the great training camps, the coast-defense stations must be linked together by means of communication, and the facilities perfected to put the Government in touch with the entire country at a moment's notice.

In planning for additions to the plant of the Bell System for 1917, one hundred and thirty millions of dollars were apportioned. This is

by far the largest program ever undertaken.

But the cost of raw materials has doubled in a year. Adequate supplies of copper, lead, wire, steel and other essentials of new equipment are becoming harder to get at any price, for the demands of war must be met.

Under the pressure of business incident to war, the telephone-using public must co-operate in order that our new plans to meet the extraordinary growth in telephone stations and traffic may be made adequate.

The elimination of unnecessary telephone calls is a patriotic duty just as is the elimination of all waste at such a time. Your Government must have a "clear talk track."

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

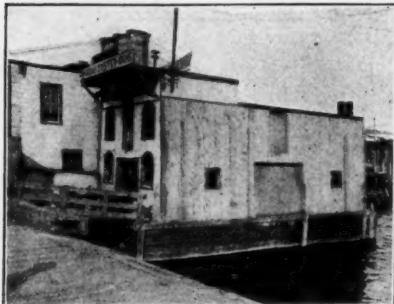
One System

Universal Service



NLY the man in trench or training camp knows how slowly the hours pass when the reading matter from back home stops coming.

No matter what branch of the service he is in, we can reach him *regularly* with PUCK. Simply give us his name and regiment—we will find him, and change his address as often as necessary. The coupon on page 25 makes it easy.



To Rent—House Boat

This scrumptious, self-floating river bungalow, suitable for a German family seeking seclusion from unsympathetic neighbors, may be rented for the duration of the war, on suitable prison terms. Every convenience common to a refuse scow; two box-stalls and a pair of spoon oars go with the outfit. A nifty little leak in the middle of the hull cools the interior automatically. Must be seen to be appreciated. Address Herman Oyster, Coenties Slip, N. Y.



FOR SALE—SUMMER COTTAGE

Charmingly situated on a rockbound street in the Bronx. Commands a view of three factories and a power-house. Magnificent vista of chimney tops. Six master's bath rooms and sleeping quarters for the owner on the roof. Very early Colonial design. Grounds perfectly laid out by dynamite. Ideal drilling ground. Concrete garage with red tiled roof and fourteen mortgages, eight miles from front door. Near the Sound—of blasting. Railroad runs through the property at all hours. Unlimited heat. Address Shark & Smug, Flint Rock Avenue & Mosquito Place, N. Y.



Beautiful Bungalow Home

This unique summer residence which may be anchored near your office in the daytime and towed to Coney Island in the evening, solves the problem of comfort during the heated term. Nothing like this pure Gothic residence in the market. Fitted with a bell for use in foggy weather. Tall, stained glass windows on four sides and a melodeon in the dining-room. Snow will not stay on the roof. Ten or more baths from the front porch. Excellent fishing from the organ-loft. Will float in any kind of water. Address the Billy Sunday Boat Corporation, Gowanus N. Y.



Sidney Bulletin.

The Bill

Satan: The time has come, I think!

A Rise in Food

OFFICER: Is that soup ready, Jones?

OFFICER'S SERVANT: No, sir, the stove went out, sir.

OFFICER: Went out! Then why don't you light it again?

OFFICER'S SERVANT: 'Cos it went out by the roof, sir.—*London Opinion*.

Wonderful Progress

"Money talks!" said the man who tries to be severely practical.

"Better'n that," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, as he signed another Red Cross check. "My money has quit ordinary conversation and is learning to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"—*Washington Star*.

Unjust Taxes

"Gertrude," asked the teacher, "what were the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

"It had something to do with automobiles, but I do not understand just what," replied Gertrude.

"Oh, no!" said the teacher, "that was before the day of automobiles."

"Well, it said it was on account of unjust taxes," said Gertrude firmly.—*The Lookout*.

Elastic Accommodations

FOR RENT—Two large comfortable rooms, in a respectable locality, fully furnished with an English family, with or without board, suitable for a married couple or two bachelors. Apply on premises, No. 8 Fourth Street, upstairs.—*Panama Star and Herald*.

Sacrificial

"But, my dear," said his wife, after he had complained about the food the new cook had brought in. "You know during these terrible times it is absolutely necessary that we make great sacrifices."

"Oh, of course, but what I object to is that cook's making hers in the form of a burnt offering."—*Indianapolis Star*.

An Easy Story to Tell

"So you were in the battle of the Marne?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the tramp.

"What can you tell me about that great fight?"

"Not a word ma'am. I'm on my honor not to reveal a thing I saw or did. That's a very strict military rule."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Her Notion

"Going to have a vegetable garden this year?"

"Well, I thought I'd plant a little succotash."—*Detroit Free Press*.

No Choice

The German situation in a shrapnel shell: If a policy of conquest is announced and stuck to, there will be a revolution. If, on the other hand, a policy of conquest is not defined, there will be a revolution. Forecast: Nothing doing.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Unlucky Answer

Her husband had just come home and had his first meeting with the new nurse, who was remarkably pretty.

"She is sensible and scientific, too," urged the fond mother, "and says she will allow no one to kiss baby while she is near."

"No one would want to," replied the husband, "while she is near."

And the nurse was "discharged.—*Tit Bits*.

Playing Safe

SENTRY (for the second time, after officer has answered "Friend," and come up close): Halt! Who goes there?

OFFICER: Well, what happens now?

SENTRY: I couldn't tell you, sir, I'm sure. I'm a stranger here myself.

—*Punch.*

Miracles Not Extinct

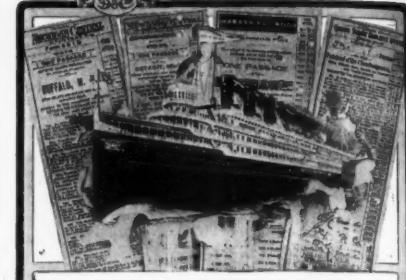
THE MAYOR'S PRETTY DAUGHTER (examining the local Sunday-school class): Now, children, can you tell me what a miracle is?

The children looked at one another, but remained silent.

"Can no one answer this question?" the new minister asked, who was standing behind the mayor's daughter. A little girl was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea. She held up her hand excitedly.

"Well, Nellie?" the mayor's daughter asked, smiling approval.

"Please, miss," the small child replied, breathlessly, "mother says 'twill be a miracle if you don't marry the new minister."—*Topeka State Journal*.



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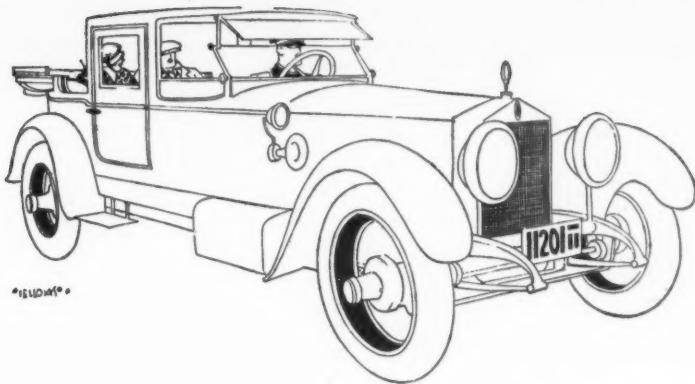
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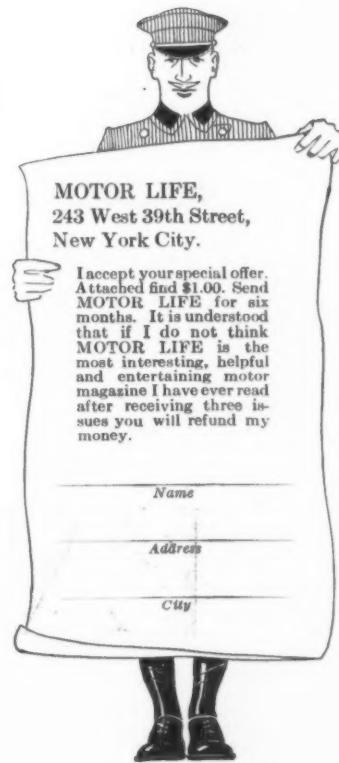
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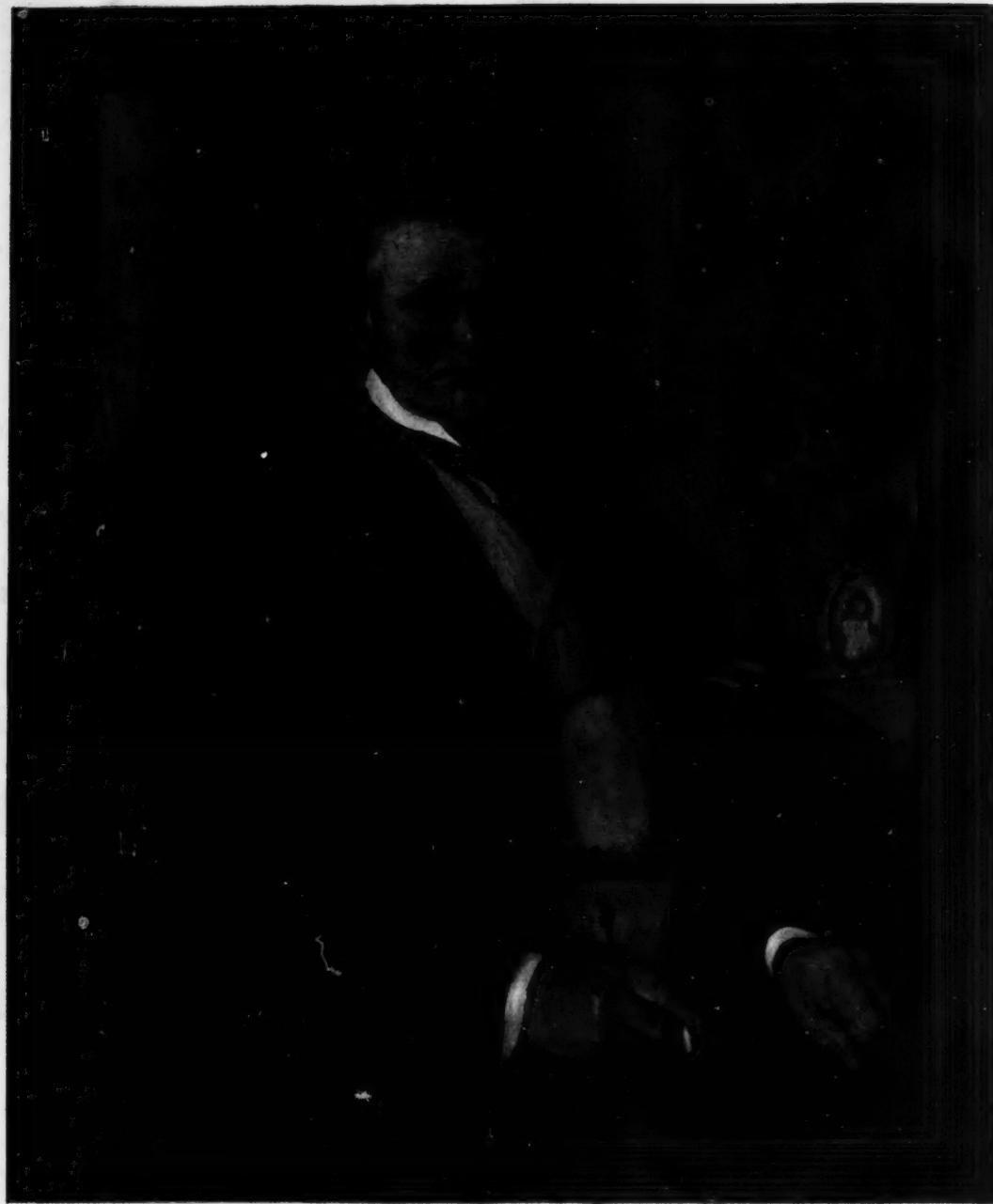
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